

Ithaca College Digital Commons @ IC

All Concert & Recital Programs

Concert & Recital Programs

12-7-2012

Joint Elective Recital: Mary Hetterich, soprano & Fred Diengott, bass

Fred Diengott

Mary Hetterich

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Diengott, Fred and Hetterich, Mary, "Joint Elective Recital: Mary Hetterich, soprano & Fred Diengott, bass" (2012). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 3563.

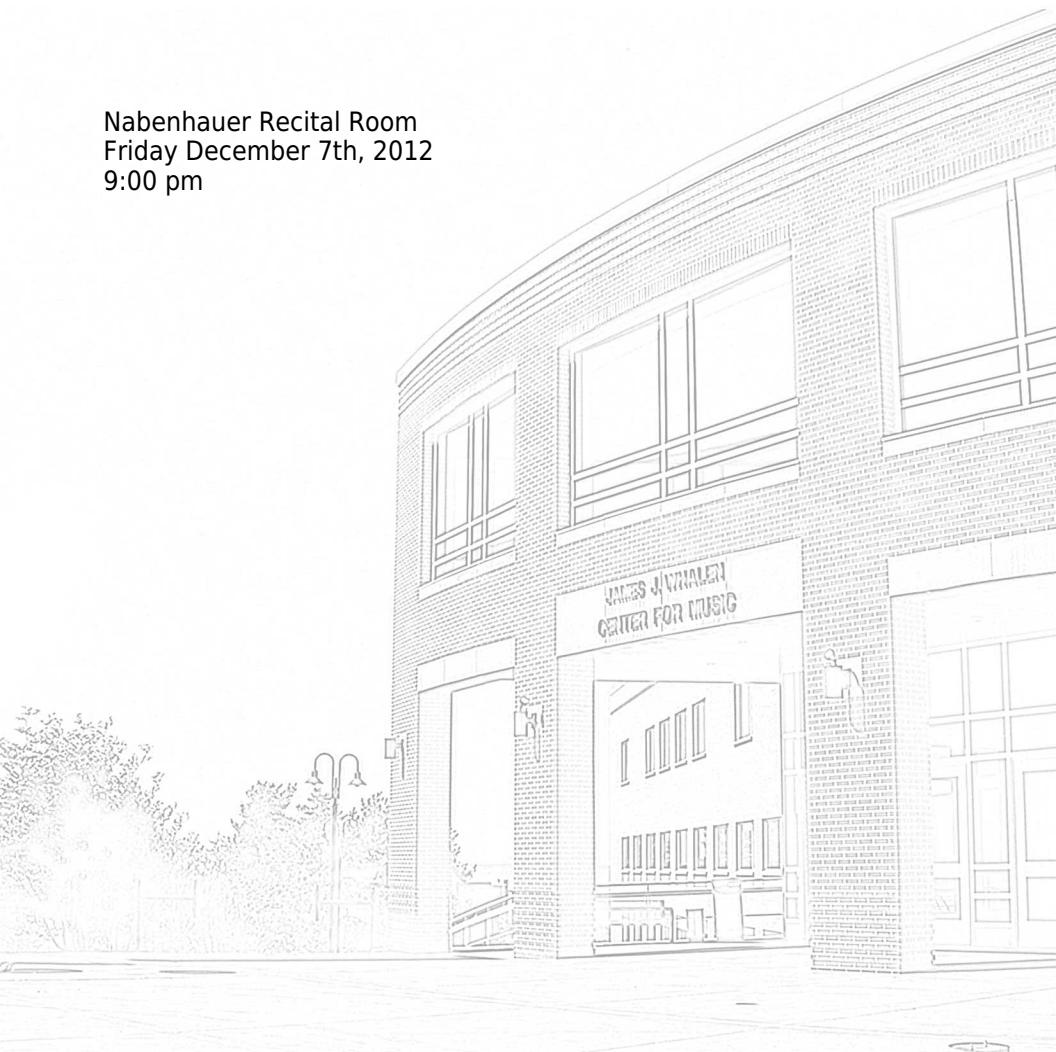
https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/3563

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Joint Recital:
Mary Hetterich, soprano
Fred Diengott, bass

Samuel Martin, piano
Sean Nimmo, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Friday December 7th, 2012
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.

Program

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| +Pupille nere | G.B. Buononcini
(1670-1747) |
| +Quia fecit mihi magna | J.S. Bach
(1685-1750) |
| *Una Donna Quindici Anni
From <i>Così fan Tutte</i> | W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791) |
| +Liederkranz für die Bassstimme
Meeresleuchten
Im Sturme
Heimlichkeit
Reiterlied | Carl Loewe
(1796-1869) |

Intermission

- | | |
|--|---|
| *Lied Maritime | Vincent D'Indy
(1851-1931) |
| *Il Pleure dans mon Coeur | Claude Debussy
(1862-1918) |
| +Let Beauty Awake
+Youth and Love
+To Music, to becalm his Fever
+Cherry Ripe | Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)
Ned Rorem
(b. 1923) |
| *Do Not Go, My Love | Richard Hageman
(1881-1966) |
| *Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal | Roger Quilter
(1877-1953) |
| *Tell me, Oh blue, blue Sky! | Vittorio Giannini
(1903-1966) |
| *+Pa...pa...pa...
From <i>Die Zauberflöte</i> | W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791) |
| +If Ever I Would Leave You | Frederick Loewe
(1901-1988) |
| *The Girl in 14G | Jeanine Tesori
(b. 1961) |

Mary Hetterich and Fred Diengott are from the studio of Marc Webster.

*Pieces sung by Mary Hetterich

+Pieces sung by Fred Diengott

Translations

Pupille nere

Pupille nere,
Se voi guardate,
Ceder voi fate,
Torri e città.

Black pupils,
If you look,
You make me give up,
Towers and cities.

Il mio cor debole
Fragil qual creta
Come resistere
A voi potrà?

My weak heart
What fragile clay
How can you resist
How can you?

Quia fecit mihi magna

Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens
est, et sanctum nomen eius.

Because he who is mighty has
done great things for me, and holy is
his name.

Una Donna Quindici Anni

Una donna a quindici anni
dee saper ogni gran moda.

A woman of fifteen years
must know all the best fashions.

Dove il diavolo ha la coda,

Where the devil has his tail,

cosa è bene, e mal cos'è.
Dee saper le maliziette

what is good, and bad.
She must know the tiny tricks

che innamorano gli amanti,
finger riso, finger pianti,

that enamor the lovers,
to feign laughter, to feign tears,

inventar i bei perché.

invent the good reasons why.

Dee in un momento
dar retta a cento,

She must in that moment
give attention to a hundred men,

con le pupille parlar con mille,
dar speme a tutti sian belli o
brutti,
saper nascondersi senza
confondersi,
senz'arrossire saper mentire,
e qual regina dall'alto soglio
col "posso e voglio" farsi ubbidir.
Par ch'abbian gusto di tal
dottrina.
Viva Despina che sa servir.

and with the eyes speak to a
thousand,
give hope to all if they handsome
or ugly,
know how to hide without getting
confused,
without blushing know how to lie,
a this queen from her high throne
with an "I can and I want" make
herself obeyed.
It seems they have a taste for
such a doctrine.
Long live Despina who knows
how to serve.

Liederkranz für die Bassstimme

Meeresleuchten

Wieviel Sonnenstrahlen fielen
goldenschwer,
fielen feurig glühend in des ew'ge
Meer!
Und die Woge sog sie tief in sich
hinab,
und die Woge ward ihr wild
lebendig Grab.
Nur in stiller Nächte heiliger
Feierstund'
sprühen diese Strahlen aus des
Meeres Grund.
Leuchtend roll'n die Wogen durch
die dunkle Nacht
wunderbar durchglüht sie
funkensprüh'nde Pracht.

Ocean Lights

How many sunbeams have fallen
heavy as gold
Fallen glowing like fire into the
eternal sea!
And the waves have sucked them
into the depths
And the waves have become their
wildly living tomb
Only in the holy twilight hour of
quiet nights
These rays sparkle up from the
sea's depths.
The waves roll glowing through the
dark night;
Marvellously the gleaming beauty
glows through them

Im Sturme

Bangt dir mein Lieb? Ich bin ja bei
dir!
Es braust das Meer, und der
Himmel ist dunkel.
Siehst du den Leuchtturm, sein
magisch Gefunkel?
Bangt dir mein Lieb? Du bist ja bei
mir!
Die Wogen donnern, der Himmel
erzittert!
Ärmlicher Nachen, bist balde
zersplittert.

In a Storm

Are you afraid my love? I am with
you!
The sea roars and the sky is dark

Do you see the lighthouse, its
magic glow?
Are you afraid my love? You are
here with me!
The waves thunder, the sky
trembles!
Wretched skiff soon to be
splintered.

Heimlichkeit

Mein Herz, o schließ dich ein! Es
nahn die Weihestunden!
Nur im Alleinesein hast du dich
selbst gefunden.
Knospe der Frühlingszeit! verhüllt
von weichem Mose!
Es blüht aus Heimlichkeit die
allerschönste Rose!

Reiterlied

Der Wald ist schwarz, die Luft ist
klar,
Im Frühlicht glüht das Thal.
Der Morgenduft netzt Bart und
Haar,
Die Perle rinnt am Stahl.
Mein Rößlein fromm,
Mein Rößlein komm,
Wir reiten, wir reiten!

Du Vater und du Mutter mein,
Du Freundschaft allzumal!
Ihr dürft um mich nicht traurig sein,
'S ist einmal meine Wahl.
[Ich geb' mein Gut,
Ich geb' mein Blut,]
Um's Reiten, um's Reiten.

Bin gar ein stürmischer Gesell',
Der Reiter ist der Wind;
Und wo ein Röslein blüht zur Stell',

Da wird er warm und lind,
Küßt sein Gesicht,
Ob's will, ob nicht,
Im Reiten, im Reiten.

"Gehab' dich wohl, lieb Röselein,
Hab' Dank für deinen Kuß !
Weil ich nun wieder Sturmwind
sein,
Und Eichen fällen muß.
Mir läßt der Streit
Zur Lieb' nicht Zeit,
Muß reiten, muß reiten!"

Secrecy

My heart, o lock yourself up! The
solemn hours approach!
Only in solitude have you found
yourself.
Springtime bud! covered in soft
moss!
The fairest of all roses blooms in
secrecy!

Song of the Rider

The forest is black, the sky is bright,

In Spring the valley gleams
The morning dew dampens beard
and hair,
And pearls run from the steel
My brave little horse,
Come o my little horse,
We'll ride out.

O my father, o my mother,
O all my friends!
Do not be sad for my sake,
This is the choice I have made.
[I'd give my blood,
I'd give my all,]
To go out riding.

I am a wild fellow,
The rider is the wind;
And wherever a little rose happens
to be blooming,
There it grows warm and sweet
Kiss its face
Whether it will or not,
While riding.

"Fare you well, sweet little rose,
And thank you for your kiss!
For I am once again the stormy
wind
And must fell oaks
I have no time
For love's quarrels,
I must ride on."

Lied Maritime

Au loin, dans la mer, s'éteint le
soleil,
et la mer est calme et sans ride;
le flot diapré s'étale sans bruit,
caressant la grève assombrie;
Tes yeux, tes traîtres yeux sont
clos,
et mon cœur est tranquille
comme la mer.
Au loin, sur la mer, l'orage est
levé,
et la mer s'émeut et bouillonne;
le flot jusqu'aux cieux s'érige
superbe,

et croule en hurlant vers les
abîmes.
Tes yeux, tes traîtres yeux si
doux,
me regardent jusqu'au fond de
l'âme,
et mon cœur torturé, mon cœur
bienheureux,
s'exalte et se brise comme la
mer!

In the distance on the sea the
sun is extinguished,
and the sea is calm and without
ripple;
the flow rippling spreads without
sound,
caressing the strike as it darkens;
your eyes, your treacherous eyes
are closed,
and my heart is
calm as the sea.
In the distance on the sea the
storm is lifted,
and the sea is moved and it
bubbles;
the flow is erected beautifully up
to the heavens,
and falls in the howling towards
the abyss.
Your eyes, your treacherous eyes
so sweet,
you look to the bottom of my
soul,
and my heart is tortured, my
heart is happy,
it is excited and it breaks as the
sea!

Il Pleure dans mon Cœur

Il pleure dans mon cœur comme
il pleut sur la ville.

Quelle est cette langueur qui
pénètre mon cœur?

O brui doux de la pluie par terre
et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie, o le
chant de la pluie!
Il pleure sans raison dans ce
cœur qui s'écoeure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine de ne
savoir pourquoi,
sans amour et sans haine, mon
cœur a tant de peine.

It weeps in my heart as it rains
on the town.

What is this languor that
penetrates my heart?

Oh sweet sound of the rain on
the ground and roof!
For a heart which is in pain, oh
the song of the rain!
It cries without reason in this
heart which is sickened.
What! No treason?
This mourning is without reason.

This is by far the worst pain for
not knowing why,
Without love and without hate,
my heart has so much pain.

Pa...Pa...Pa...

Papageno und Papagena

Pa-pa-pa, pa-pa-pa. papageno
pa-pa-pa-, pa-pa-pa-, papagena,

Papageno

Bist du mir nun ganz gegeben,

Papagena

Nun bin ich dir ganz gegeben.

Papageno

Nun, so sei mein liebes
Weibchen!

Papagena

Nun, so sei mein
Herzenstäubchen,
Mein Herzenstäubchen!

Papageno

Mein liebes Weibchen,
mein Herzenstäubchen,

Papageno und Papagena

Welche Freude wird das sein,
Wenn die Götter uns bedenken,
Unsrer Liebe Kinder schenken
Unsrer Liebe Kinder schenken
So liebe kleine Kinderlein,
Kinderlein,
Kinderlein, Kinderlein,
So liebe kleine Kinderlein.
Erst einen kleinen Papageno
Dann eine kleine Papagena,
Dann wieder einen Papageno
Dann wieder eine Papagena,
Papageno, Papagena, Papageno,
etc.

Es ist das höchste der Gefühle,
Wenn viele, viele, der
pa-pa-pagena(a)
Der Eltern Sorgen werden sein.
Wenn viele, viele, der
pa-pa-pagena(a)
Der Eltern Sorgen werden sein.

Papageno and Papagena

Pa-pa-pa, pa-pa-pa. papageno
pa-pa-pa-, pa-pa-pa-, papagena,

Papageno

Have you now yielded to me?

Papagena

Now I have yielded to you.

Papageno

Now, then be my dear little wife!

Papagena

Now, then be the dove of my
heart,
The dove of my heart!

Papageno

My dear little wife,
dove of my heart,

Papageno and Papagena

What joy that will be
If the Gods think of us,
And give us children of our love
And give us children of our love
Such dear little children, little
children,
Little children, little children,
Such dear little children.
First a little Papageno,
Then a little Papagena,
Then again a Papageno,
Then again a Papagena,
Papageno, Papagena, Papageno,
etc.
It is the highest of feelings
If many (of them) to Papageno (a)
will be
In the care of their parents.
If many to Papageno (a) will be
In the care of their parents.